



CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-LOVED ONE

ED O'BRYAN

Bass, Backing Vocals, and Strategic Collapsing

Feb.5 - Apr.24, '82

PART ONE

Things have gone well for me since I last saw you. I am now more active in music that I ever have been. Let me fill you in on what has been happening since The Loved Ones.

About six months after we parted I became a member of a band called Toxic Era. This was the start of a crazy period of my life. Toxic Era was a band that had a very harsh, droning, but melodic psychedelic sound. I liked the band at the time but the sound lacked a certain energy level. When we played our one show the only song that I and some others felt went over with ANY energy was "I Wanna Be Your Dog". To make matters worse it was our only cover.

It was during this period that I got into smoking alot of pot and drinking like a fish. A small fish, though. Then one time at my guitarist James' house I took acid and transformed into Ed O'Bryan: Psychedelic Guru. I know that you warned me of this Gary when you caught me at practice with caffeine tabs. I was so naive not to know that Vivvy-Voo leads to bigger things. Well, I started to hang out with James more and more. We swam an endless sea of drugs. But in my book LSD was the Number One High. I was into taking acid whenever I could get it. Fortunately I could only get it sporadically.

Once when James and I went out to this park in the middle of the Anaheim Hills! The park was set in a rather out of the way spot. So to avoid the rangers we would go one or two miles up an old fire road, cut across an open field, then, using an animal trail I had found, cut around the back of a hill. There we found a flat ledge of sand stone surrounded by cactus and shrub. I know this sounds like a Fabulous Furry Freak Bros. comic, but please bear with me. Well, this is the spot where we usually would smoke out. But this time we got to the park a little late, so the only place we could go was behind this dam up a canyon. We thought this would be safer because it was only half a mile from the parking lot. So we went and did our thing man, and like got really blazed you know? Before you could say Sam Hill it was black as a lump of coal out. We decided it would be a good idea to head back. At one point on the homeward journey we had to cross over the aforementioned dam. In doing so I lost my footing and fell twenty feet and landed flat on my ass. I was completely unhurt; a sober man would have died (never mind that a sober man would not have fallen, much less gone dam-climbing in the dead of night). This fortunately ended my marijuana-influenced night-time excursions. I would go in the day time.

Soon after this we played the show I told you about previously. It was during this show that I forever ruined myself insofar as Cool went in Orange County, California. Thinking that since I had the most background job in the band, I decided to leave at least a visual impact on the audience. In preparation for the show I assembled the most optically powerful outfit that I could. First, the shirt: Nothing turns the stomach of a Californian worse than a Mickey Mouse shirt. Nothing, that is, than a dirty, electric urine-coloured Mickey Mouse shirt. I wasn't there to pick up groupies Jack, that's for sure! Well, I

STORY OF A JILTED JUNIOR (TEEN STORY)
She learned her lesson the hard way, and her life will never be the same!



WOLFMAN JACKSON POLLOCK

thought Why just stop with a dumb shit shirt! This was an arty crowd, so why not give the fuckers some damn culture. Hey, am I right or what?! I would make this my Jackson Pollock designer rock'n'roll outfit! I took a pair of camel colour hippie jeans and sewed zippers in the cuffs to make them straight-legs. Then splatter-painted the fronts with the most disgusting choice of hues known to man. A two-inch-wide white belt, for no other purpose than bad taste. Of course slam boots too, for that element of the audience that likes to attack you for dressing in such a repulsive way. Then the leather jacket: brown and of the Easy Rider ilk, hippie-fringe and all. BUT... would Jackson be happy with merely pants in his honor? HELL NO! A quick spray paint job on the back and VOILA, the masterpiece was nearly finished. All that remained was to peroxide my hair to a burnt-out orange and throw in some Brylcreem mixed with red food dye. I looked weird enough to out-weird Captain Beefheart, Wild Man Fischer and Charles Manson at one of Ken Kesey's Acid Tests.

As it turned out, most people were too repulsed to comment. Ah, but What The Hell... it was fun.

Soon after that I was dropped from the band. Wonder why?

Burton Cummings hit with beer bottle

WINNIPEG (CP) — Singer Burton Cummings was kicked and hit over the head with a beer bottle after coming to the aid of convenience store clerk last weekend, police say.

The man turned to Cummings, smashed a full bottle of beer over his head and kicked him after he fell to the floor. A 19-year-old man has been charged with assault.

Cummings was taken to hospital and released following the incident in north-end Winnipeg early Sunday morning.

Slip of tongue 30-year mistake

OKLAHOMA CITY (UPI) — Dennis Newton was on trial for the armed robbery of a convenience store in district court this week when he decided to fire his lawyer and act as his own attorney.

District Judge James L. Gullett agreed, and assistant District Attorney Larry Jones said Newton, 47, did a fair job up until the time the manager of the store testified he was the robber.

Newton jumped up, accused the woman of lying and then said, "I should have blown your (expletive) head off."

The defendant paused for a moment, then quickly added, "If I'd been the one that was there."

It took the jury 20 minutes Tuesday to convict Newton of armed robbery and recommend he be given a 30-year sentence.



WE READ YOUR LETTERS

BIG LOUD DRUMMER—X-DOA, Painted Sticks, and Subhumans. Like to join working club band doing 50s & 60s rock-pop, C&W or Rockabilly. No punk rock. Call Dimwit: 689-5710. (815)

Human foot found on Vancouver street

VANCOUVER (CP) — A human foot was found lying on an east end boulevard near the Pacific National Exhibition grounds yesterday.

Police said residents told them the foot had been there since Saturday. Police could not give a reason why it had not been reported.

Dies in gravy

News Services WARREN, Mich. — A worker in the kitchens of a restaurant chain died yesterday after he fell into a vat of hot gravy.

Nazar Zia, 28, fell screaming into the vat at the Elias Bros. kitchens in this Detroit suburb.

Zia suffered severe burns, a brain hemorrhage and a broken pelvis and back.

He died in hospital about five hours after the accident.

Police consider the death accidental.

you've read the arguments heard the name calling seen the crack in their fanatical believers faces so now lets take a close look at: **The Great Punk Political Divide!**



AGE: 32
Sex: Not in Years
Drugs: feels they increase his political awareness

I Say to hell with the apolitical assholes and violent fascist goons! If you're not like me you're anazi! Death to Reagan!



AGE: 24
Sex: Doesn't know
Drugs: Likes beer in green bottles

They're both nuts! Like what the hell's their problem? I know, they need strong beliefs to compensate for their inability to deal with life as it really is! I want my MTV!



AGE: 17
Sex: Closet Case
Drugs: Says he's straight Edge, does dope like a camel.

Hey look, if they're not for America, they're Gommies, eh? And if they ain't fighting the Gommies and rich fags, then they're one of them, right? Huh? Right?

Now wasn't that fun and educational? No? It is Punk Rock, isn't it? You don't know? Useless poser.